

Even Silent Sam expressed a few opinions. It turned out that Sam's ideas were very good but he just needed encouragement. He needed someone to be interested enough to ask for his opinions.

Everyone agreed that unless management was honest enough to admit it had problems, the employees were going to think that everything was roses and lightness in the management camp.

So they agreed to meet regularly...to sit down and talk over their problems, whether the different heights of loading ramps or the complexities involved in facing automation...and to keep the meetings informal, with both parties on equal terms.

They realized that both were really working for the same goals: improved living standards and more job security. Now that they had gotten together, they could also work as a team towards better industrial relations.

If you have problems, whether you are union or management, why not talk them over with one of our LMCS field representatives. He will tell you all about the values of joint consultation, without any obligation on your part. Possibly he has the solution for your "Missing Cog".

G. W. Yorston, 48 Victoria St.,
Amherst, Nova Scotia

E. Lajoie, 5030 Blvd. des Forges,
Three Rivers, Quebec

J. M. Sauriol, Suite 900, 685 Cathcart St.,
Montreal 2, Quebec

R. Marchand, 1375D Sir Wilfrid Laurier Bldg.,
340 Laurier Ave. West, Ottawa 4, Ontario

S. J. Walton; T. T. McAuley; H. A. Fisher; 36 Adelaide St. East,
902 Mackenzie Bldg., Toronto 1, Ontario

F. E. Costello, 601 Dominion Public Bldg., 457 Richmond St.,
London, Ontario

A. C. Candline; R. E. Matty, 405 - 269 Main St.,
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

D. M. Hodge, Room 311 — 325 Granville St.,
Vancouver 2, British Columbia

Published by the Labour-Management Co-operation Service,
Industrial Relations Branch, Canada Department of Labour, Ottawa 4.

CAI

L

-Z132



The Case of the Missing CO-G

"...a thrilling mystery story of suspense and intrigue!"

"...exciting reading guaranteed to make you think."

The Case of the Missing Cog.....

He had been sitting there for hours, without moving. The wind whimpered around the window panes, searching the sash with damp sighs.

The gun lay on the desk, its cruel metallic brilliance winking knowingly in the harsh glare of the light.

Finally the man stirred, slowly rubbing his hand across his forehead, easing the tension of taut muscles. The gun glinted up at him. Reaching out he ran a lean finger across the cold metal.

It had to be done, he thought. But how? How could he pull it off? He couldn't afford to bungle this. There was too much at stake.

He shuddered slightly as he realized again that this was no small job. On its success hung not only his own future, but that of many people. He didn't like that thought too much.

Hoisting the gun up, he cradled it in his hands. It had a good feel. He knew his job. He was proud of it. In fact, he always thought he had been efficient at it too, but now there were others trying to muscle into his specialty, trying to take over his territory!

His face grew grim. His mouth tightened. His hand gripped the gun until his knuckles turned white. Snatching up the phone he tersely gave the message. This was top priority.

But he had his doubts. He was calling in his men but would they help? What was in it for them? He would have to gamble — to lay the cards on the table. He knew he could count on some of them but then there was Silent Sam, and others like him. They never said anything. He never knew what they were thinking. Maybe, if he gave him a job to do on his own... maybe if he asked his opinion... get Silent Sam involved.

A rap on the door. Silently they filed in. He turned to face them. All eyes watched as he carefully laid the gun on the table, lightly stroking it.

"Gentlemen" he began, wondering what he could say next.

"I've got to make a living and so do all of you. Our greatest security lies in working together. You are all specialists. So am I. We sell a very special product. We give excellent service. But... there are others trying to muscle... I mean, we are facing stiff competition from outside groups.

"It's time we sat down together and talked over our problems. It's time we all faced up to the fact that we have to work together — to co-operate — if we are to stay in business."

He looked at each in turn. Finally his gaze rested on Sam, standing silently in the background.

He picked up the gun and fondled it.

"This gun has always been our trademark. We've made our names and our living from it, but..."

A deathly hush settled over the room.

"We've been having complaints... too much mess... not accurate enough..."

He looked around the room then deliberately hefted the gun and walked straight to the farthest man.

"Sam, I want you to look after this job. I think you're the man for it."

Silently Sam reached for the gun, weighed it in his hand, then grinned.

"If there's anything I know, it's this gun. Why I was raised on stapling guns. Now, it's really a matter of putting in another cog..."

"Gentlemen", the man said with a smile as he sat down behind the desk, "let's sit down and discuss this problem."

And what did they discuss?

They talked about how easy it was for both management and labour to get so involved in their own spheres, with their own problems, that they completely overlooked the fact that most of these problems were common to both sides, and that they both lived in the same world.